

Sogni D'oro

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Sogni D'oro

by [FauxFidele](#)

Summary

Will Graham escapes with Hannibal to southern Italy. Hannibal convinces Will to join him for a rendezvous in Naples, and despite his initial reservations, Will becomes an enthusiastic accomplice.

Follows TV canon, taking place in Europe during Season 3.

First fic! I'd love suggestions of any kind!

Notes

I'm new to this, so please leave me feedback. I love and appreciate any of your thoughts!

Thank you so much for reading my trash :)

Segno di Pace

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As he stepped out of the bathroom, Will noticed a large, silver box sitting unopened on the bed in front of him. Will Graham ran his fingers across the sleek, black silk that formed a bow atop the package. With his towel secured tightly around his abdomen, Will cautiously looked it over, examining the parcel.

Beads of water dripped softly from his damp hair, leaving tiny, discolored spots across the top of the wrapping.

“Open it.” Hannibal said, stepping into the doorway.

Will jumped and let out a nervous laugh. “I didn’t see you there.”

Hannibal stood patiently, raising his brows to Will with encouragement.

The ribbon was taut across the package, but the bow unraveled instantly under Will’s slight pull. He hesitated before removing the lid, considering what he may find. The charitable acts of Hannibal Lecter were not easily predictable.

He pulled the top of the box off and set it on the bed, holding eye contact with Hannibal throughout. A sigh of relief escaped as he discovered a neatly folded suit. Will ran the fabric through his fingers, savoring the delicacy of the fine material. A pair of ornate black and gold cufflinks sat in the middle of the ensemble.

Will began to protest. “I have a suit that works just – “

“It’s vulgar, Will. I prefer that you wear this,” Hannibal interrupted. “I had it made especially for you.” Whenever possible, Hannibal seemed to use Will’s name to provide emphasis. At first this annoyed him to no end, but now the familiarity of hearing his name in Hannibal’s heavily-coated accent drew comfort, even when he was being a condescending ass.

“I wasn’t aware you had a personal tailor in every city,” Will replied, lifting one corner of his mouth into a half smile. Will thought he saw Hannibal’s eyes soften for a moment before he turned and left the room.

Hannibal had been displeased with Will following a prior disagreement regarding their unavoidable, impromptu detour. After so narrowly escaping notice in Florence, Will expressed his desire to maintain a surreptitious vigilance in avoiding unwanted attention. He was sure this would not be accomplished by attending a fucking opera performance in Southern Italy.

Will had argued that a social appearance by the two of them would be reckless. “You’d lead us right into the belly of the beast ... again,” Will derided. Probably on purpose. Curiosity.

“You forget, Will,” Hannibal had responded, “We *are* the beast, and the world is *ours* for the taking.”

Their eyes met, as Hannibal’s piercing glaze awaited reaction from his counterpart. Will looked away nervously, and when he lifted his eyes, Hannibal was gone. The door closed quietly behind him, leaving a resounding silence that lingered through the halls of the flat.

Chapter End Notes

"Segno di Pace" is a phrase meaning "Offering of Peace" in Italian.

Il Camerino

Chapter Summary

Will reluctantly gets dressed up, but Hannibal cannot resist helping.

Will stared silently into the bedroom mirror, contemplating his reflection. He recognized the dark tendrils that fell around his forehead in waves, framing his face. The same steel eyes stared thoughtfully back at him. When Will looked at the man standing in front of him, however, he was consumed with unfamiliarity.

He jumped when the door opened suddenly, revealing his freshly pressed suit that Hannibal proceeded to secure on the adjacent garment hook.

"I suppose knocking isn't a privilege I've been awarded yet?" Will quipped. Wearing nothing but his boxers, he was embarrassed for Hannibal to see him so scant. Hannibal had seen Will at his most vulnerable, yet he was exposed now in a way that felt particularly awkward.

An amused smirk spread across Hannibal's face. "Have you something to hide now, Will?"

Will shot Hannibal a quick, irritated scowl before turning to examine the suit that hung immaculately on its hanger. *When did Hannibal have time to -*

"Concierge," he spoke softly, answering Will's unspoken question.

Embarrassed at his transparency, Will's eyes shifted to the side. "Of course, I just didn't see you leave with it. You must have been gone longer than I realized."

"I have noticed that keeping track of time has never been your *métier*," Hannibal posited, with a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

Will grumbled and looked away, "No thanks to *you*."

Hannibal was gone just as quick as he had entered, leaving Will alone with his thoughts as he began to dress. He stepped into the pants clumsily, nearly losing his balance as he aimed his left leg toward the open pant-leg. The shirt was a muted blue-grey that reminded Will of the ocean just before dawn. That neutral moment when the sea anticipates all the possibilities of the day anew. The open sea was a calming thought for Will and he instantly relaxed as he recalled the smell of fresh salt water in the air.

The fabric felt light under Will's fingers as he ran them down sides of his collar, admiring the intricate stitching along the seams of the garment. It was no surprise for Will to discover that the suit was masterfully created, and tailored with unnerving accuracy. Will guided each button through its hand-stitched aperture with slow deliberation, appreciating the ritualistic

formality. There was a profound comfort to be found in such ordinary tasks, requiring no presence of mind.

He moved to retrieve the cuff links from his dresser, observing the dark wood detail that adorned the layer of brightly colored gold. A scene from Roman mythology was engraved in the rich, black material. "Ebony," Will muttered to himself.

"The ancient kings of Asia believed that music made with Ebony created the most harmonious sounds in the world," Hannibal stated as he entered from the doorway. "They would risk even their own lives to obtain it, because they believed that without the Ebony, the music would be wasted - unpalatable."

Will smirked. "I guess they weren't the only ones who sought it out. It's been over-exposed; pushed to the brink of extinction." Will considered this for a brief moment, adding, "The ebony possesses a euphonious beauty, but only in death can it be appreciated."

Hannibal stepped slowly towards him, "Not death, Will. The ebony is transformed so that we may appreciate its true gift, and the beauty that springs forth."

The door creaked behind Hannibal, and Will jumped nervously, dropping the cufflinks to the ground. Before he could recover them, Hannibal had reached down and gathered them in his hands.

An uneasy laugh escaped Will, "I'm sorry, I – "

"Please, allow me," Hannibal interrupted. "I can't bear the thought of them falling to the ground each time the wind blows." A child-like grin spread across Hannibal's face, delighting in Will's discomfort.

Hannibal took Will's right hand, grazing his fingers as he reached for the cuff of the shirt. Will looked to the ground as Hannibal pushed through the interstice to fasten the clip into place. He let go, allowing Will's hand to fall back at its side. Reaching for Will's opposite hand, Hannibal paused for a moment to appreciate the hot touch of Will's skin against his own while securing the shirt cuff.

A black, patterned tie sat neatly on Will's bed. Hannibal reached for the tie as Will interjected, "I know how to tie a *tie*." Will had perfected the eye-roll he now gave to Hannibal.

"I have seen no evidence to support your claim," he retorted, suppressing a smile. He faced Will and pulled one side of the silk tie around the nape of his neck, while his fingers gently followed the curve until the fabric draped over each of Will's shoulders.

"Well, I won't pretend to have the same level of practical application in sophistication," Will mused, biting his lip. His eyes shifted to the ground nervously.

Hannibal smiled. "Tastefulness, my dear." He grabbed one side of the tie and pulled it longer, stepping forward to lessen the space between he and Will. "A blessing and a curse, as they say."

Their closeness was palpable, their breathing in sync. Will absorbed Hannibal's presence through each sensory mechanism, as a cool chill of unanticipated excitement coursed throughout his body. Hannibal's scent permeated Will's consciousness, surrounding him with visions of herbs, oak, and earth – he had been cooking.

Will closed his eyes instinctively as Hannibal twisted the tie around itself and pulled it through. With each wrap and twist of the fabric, Hannibal became more forceful, pulling it taut. Will's forehead dampened with sweat, but Hannibal attentively dabbed it with a nearby handkerchief. Satisfied with Will's state of unease, Hannibal let a tender smile spread across his face.

Will nervously shifted on his feet and cleared his throat in an effort to regain his composure, but as he met Hannibal's eyes, the chill became a blanket of warmth, encapsulating him entirely. Despite his attempt at self-control, Will found himself consumed with worry that Hannibal would notice the swell rising between his legs.

Hannibal pulled the fabric through its last loop, forcibly securing the knot at its base. He held the fabric in his hands, hesitating to release Will from his grasp. They stood, transfixed in each others' presence as Hannibal took his free hand and placed it gently on Will's flushed cheek.

“Do you want me to let you go, Will?” he asked unassumingly.

Without looking away, Will stared helplessly into Hannibal's eyes and whispered, “*Please, don't.*”

Accordo di Dominante

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is concerned that Will has too much pent up anxiety. He must help him become more comfortable.

Spoiler alert: he does.

Will's descent into sexual disorientation was exceedingly gratifying to Hannibal in light of their earlier disagreement. Their time together could be brief, and Hannibal saw little reason to hide in the underbelly of hostels and alleyways when they could immerse themselves into the Neapolitan culture – together.

The repressed energy was consuming Will and the bitter smell of unease suddenly inundated Hannibal's olfactory senses as they stood facing each other. Hannibal released his grip on the tie knot, but stepped in closer to Will and eliminated any space between them. Will's chest heaved up and down while Hannibal breathed it in, smelling the frustration ... *hesitation*.

Their bodies were just barely touching, but Hannibal could feel the pulse of Will's erection brush against his thigh, pushing against the fabric. The palpation of his throbbing cock satisfied Hannibal and he allowed a surge of arousal to reciprocate through his veins.

Will's eyes were closed in a frivolous attempt to restrain the temptation. The delicate layer of fabric separating their skin only served to accentuate the sensation of Hannibal's thigh pressed tightly against Will's arousal, leaving him intoxicated with his urges. A stifled moan escaped from under Will's breath.

"Will," Hannibal whispered quietly, moving his right hand around Will's waist, fingertips touching the small of his back. "I'd like you to take care of the situation at hand." The corner of his eyes softened as he looked at Will, but his mouth remained in a straight line.

"Hannibal, I –" Will began, furrowing his brow.

"We have a busy evening ahead of us, William," Hannibal stated, while taking a step backwards. "I need you to compose yourself."

Embarrassment flushed into Will's cheeks as he pulled away from Hannibal's gaze and turned to leave. Hannibal's quick fingers were able to hook through one of Will's belt loops and he playfully whisked Will back to face him. Will started to protest, "Hannibal ..."

Will did not finish his thought, as Hannibal grabbed his face between his hands and kissed him tenderly on the lips. Hannibal's hand lingered on Will's cheek, absorbing the heat that flushed through him. "Will, you and I have escaped *together*." Leaning over, Hannibal

pressed his lips to Will's forehead in a tender gesture, and then took Will's hands in his own. "Our arrangement was your idea, was it not?"

"I – I know it was," Will stumbled on his words. "You know how I feel."

Hannibal released his grip and walked around Will slowly. "Embarrassed? Regretful?" he posited. Eventually Hannibal settled behind Will, startling him, as he reached into Will's front pocket with his right hand. "See what I mean, William? You're a bit – jumpy." Will turned his face to face him and was surprised to see a grin spread across Hannibal's face.

"Embarrassed at my own lack of propriety," Will disparaged, but his lips curled into a smile despite himself. The hand in his right pocket began to trace the edges of groin, causing the pang of arousal to surge through Will with a renewed urgency. "How can I compose myself –" Will started, but lost his train of thought as Hannibal ran his palm across Will's cock, with just a thin layer of cloth separating them.

"Let go, Will," Hannibal whispered, letting his lips glide down Will's earlobe, sucking tenderly.

Sweat beaded down Will's forehead and he shivered with anticipation while Hannibal beamed at the effects of his seduction. He continued kissing down Will's neck, pausing occasionally for a tender bite. Hannibal could hear nothing but the sound of Will's constrained breath, soft and then louder as he navigated his lips toward the collarbone.

With his left hand, Hannibal reached around, finding Will's hand balled into a fist, tension radiating from within. "Relax, Will," Hannibal advised softly into his ear, guiding his fingers into Will's, releasing the anxious fist.

Hannibal's hand guided Will's to the opening of his pants and he easily released the button. "Just you," Hannibal directed as he retracted his hand, refocusing his lips again on Will's exposed neck. Sweat and salt permeated Hannibal's tongue as he lingered on Will's throat. The vulnerability was satisfying for Hannibal to taste, and he caught himself smiling excitedly at the thought.

Unable to resist his urges any longer, Will unzipped his pants and navigated himself free, stroking his cock with his bare hand while Hannibal continued to lightly kiss his neck. "Good boy, Will," Hannibal purred, his words turning to delicate nips along Will's earlobe.

As his breathing intensified, Will's motions became more deliberate – urgent. Hannibal pulled himself closer to Will, while allowing his hardness to pulse into Will's immediate consciousness. Will's breathing deepened and his stroking intensified as he worked fingers around his head, slicking his shaft with precome.

Absorbing Will's heightened state of arousal, Hannibal continued to titillate Will's senses with a slow grazing of the tongue along his earlobe, unable to resist tugging at it just a bit with his teeth. The action caused Will to twitch and stifle a moan, as his motions became more repetitious.

“Are you close, Will?” asked Hannibal innocently, while grabbing a fistful of the curly, dark hair between his fingers and pushing his own body against Will’s back.

Will pushed himself into Hannibal and nodded, grinding backward into his hips, greedy to feel Hannibal's cock against him. Hannibal reciprocated by allowing his erection to lightly glide between Will's ass cheeks and pulled again at the clump of wavy hair. Will let out an exasperated moan as he could no longer contain his release, warm and sticky as it fell over his fingers. Panting heavily, Will stood exposed and exhausted, hands covered in come. Without hesitation, Hannibal offered his handkerchief once again, smirking proudly at his companion.

He watched Will clean up and silently compose himself. Finally Will cast his eyes up and became locked in his gaze. Hannibal’s eyes were soft, his manner gentle. “Better, Will?”

Will tried to ignore the remark, but he couldn’t stop the corners of his mouth from turning into a reluctant smile.

Cena

Chapter Summary

Hannibal cooks a traditional Italian meal for Will.

When Will finally emerged from the bathroom, a familiar scent of fresh herbs engulfed him. He walked reticently down the hall toward the kitchen, his pace quickening with each step.

Will hated to admit it to himself, but he felt a heavy weight lifted after their encounter. When he recognized the clamor of pots and pans, a curious smile spread across his face, despite his efforts to subdue it. *Oh, what to find in Mr. Lecter's kitchen, today?*

“Ah, hello, Will,” Hannibal greeted politely, before Will had even turned the corner. “How are you feeling?”

Pausing, Will looked to his left at the antiquated record player, spinning invariably while a soft sonata resounded through the speakers. The elongated table was set formally, as expected, with seemingly expensive fabric draped across, complete with fine Venetian china and vintage silver. A dramatic floral centerpiece completed the setting, filled with red and vivid orange flowers, with a large flower in the center encircled with long, crimson spikes. Haunting and elegant.

Will snapped himself back into the present, looking to Hannibal. “I am ... content,” he said, emphasizing the last word and meeting Hannibal's eyes. Will broke into relaxed smile and shrugged his shoulders demurely.

Hannibal smiled, pleased, and turned back to his culinary duties. “Good,” Hannibal said reassuringly, and was silent for a moment, apparently lost in thought. Will absent-mindedly fussed with the collar of his shirt, and subsequently began loosening his tie.

“I see that despite your best efforts you are still dressed appropriately, and look quite nice I might add,” he teased, grinning cheerfully.

“I suppose it won't *kill* me for one night,” Will responded, feigning agitation. “But if it *does* kill me, you will have no one to blame but yourself,” he added, breaking into a laugh.

Hannibal rolled his eyes, snickering, “I don't think an Italian suit has ever killed anyone.” He cocked his head to the side, as if debating the idea in his mind.

“Well, what have you prepared for us this evening?” Will asked inquisitively.

The mélange of ingredients were strewn neatly across the counter – small piles of herbs, cooking oils, shellfish, and what he decided was an urchin. Upon noticing an octopus

cooking in the pan in front of Hannibal, Will raised his eyebrows in exaggerated skepticism toward Hannibal and made a playfully disgusted face.

“This, *William*,” Hannibal derided, shooting him an irritated look, “is *bordetto*, which is a traditional seafood dish of southern Italy.” He said as he turned away, continuing to busy himself in the kitchen while pretending to ignore Will, who stood stubbornly in front of the counter, intentionally blocking Hannibal’s path. After the second near-collision, Hannibal stopped and surrendered, looking to Will who stifled a grin.

“And?” Will prodded him, eyebrows raised in exaggerated interest.

“And you’re in my way,” Hannibal spoke flatly, trying not to break his scowl while standing face-to-face with Will.

“I’m not moving until you finish telling me about the *bordetto*, because *I know* there’s a meaning,” Will jabbed gleefully, beaming at Hannibal’s annoyance.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed at Will. *Silence*.

Will gave a satisfied, but sympathetic smile and reached forward, grabbing Hannibal’s waist and pulled him forward. It caught Hannibal off guard, which pleased Will as it was difficult to do. Will leaned in and kissed Hannibal gently on the lips, unable to repress the smile that exposed his teeth. “Please, tell me,” Will requested sweetly.

Hannibal raised a suspicious eyebrow at Will, but conceded, “Only because you asked nicely.” He could no longer hide the smile that spread across his face.

“*Bordetto* has been a customary dish of fishing villages, originally introduced to them by the Greek explorers,” Hannibal started, proudly. “They would use leftovers from their fishing excursions to provide sustenance for the village. It evolved, ironically, into a favorite dish of the bourgeoisie for the dramatic presentation,” he continued, nodding toward the pot containing the octopus.

“That explains the tentacles and ... sea urchin?” Will asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, Will. Sea urchin,” Hannibal stated factually. “In addition to local fish, traditional ingredients include sea urchin, various shellfish, crabs, octopus, squid, and often,” he paused, lifting the top of a pan for Will to see, “the head of a Conger eel.” Hannibal found amusement in Will’s labored expression.

“It looks *delicious*,” Will encouraged, unconvincingly.

“It is a powerful dish, Will, encompassing traditions old and new, a paradox combining both the mundane and the epicurean,” Hannibal stated. “I assumed you would be happy with the socially-conscious menu,” he raised his lips into the half-smile Will recognized well.

Will briefly considered the limp octopus simmering in the pot and the slimy Conger eel boiling on the stove and decided it was better than the alternative. He watched the brilliant man that stood before him, all of their history out in the open. No secrets, no more pretenses.

Hannibal drifted back into his thoughts, working fastidiously on the meal, biting his lip as he measured the portions and created his masterpiece.

Hannibal looked up, catching Will's lingering stare. "Were you expecting something more illicit, Will?" he asked, curious. "The courier forgot my afternoon delivery today, I could pay him a visit ..." he spoke, as a slight grin formed and softened his eyes.

"Stop," Will interjected harshly.

Before he could retort, Will motioned toward Hannibal, placing his hand around the back of his head, pulling him close and bringing their lips together forcefully. Will wanted to taste and feel everything, biting softly on his bottom lip and massaging his tongue against Hannibal's with deliberate urgency. The coarse stubble on Hannibal's chin grated against his own with gratifying roughness. Hannibal's taste was invigorating – herbs, sweat, leather, *dirt*. He sucked again on Hannibal's tender lips, desperate to imprint the taste to memory. When they finally parted, Will looked up at Hannibal, and stammered softly, "It ... it's fucking perfect. All of it."

It was Hannibal now who took his hands to either side of Will's face and brought his forehead to his own. "We can be happy, Will," he whispered, kissing his forehead tenderly. He drew Will into his breast, embracing him tightly. Hannibal ran his fingers through his wavy tresses in gentle repetition. Will did not fight to be released, instead taking comfort in the motion of Hannibal's caress. He wanted to stay like this. Always. *Safe. Content.*

"I'm already happy," Will whispered, before disappearing into Hannibal's embrace.

La Traviata

Chapter Summary

After Hannibal cooks dinner, Will sneaks out and has an encounter with Hannibal's psychiatrist, Bedelia Du Maurier.

They're both sassy.

Following dinner, Will was leaving the bathroom when he noticed a folded piece of paper in the inner pocket of his coat. He instinctively began to toss the scrap aside as a note from the concierge, when something about the handwriting caught his attention.

"Downstairs," was all that was written, in perfect script across the torn sheet of paper.

Will wanted nothing more than to ignore the curiosity that gnawed at him now, but was certain he would feel no reprieve until he followed it through. Casually, he leaned up against the wall in the kitchen and watched Hannibal wipe the clean dishes with a towel. There was a strange complacency to watching Hannibal cycle through this routine and Will couldn't stop himself from smiling at the banality of it all – shopping, cooking, cleaning. Dr. Lecter's domestic bliss.

"Are you just going to stand there and watch?" Hannibal inquired accusingly, one side of his mouth turned up into a grin. Will slowly paced around the kitchen and joined Hannibal by his side.

"Actually," Will replied reluctantly, "I need to run an errand." Hannibal raised his eyebrows, searching Will for an unspoken clue. "It's private," Will stated with a smirk, attempting to diffuse Hannibal's suspicion. Will returned his piercing stare by reaching up to wipe aside a long strand of hair from Hannibal's forehead and smiled adoringly. "I promise," Will whispered, with determined sincerity, "I will be right back." Hannibal nodded his head without enthusiasm and continued to dry the dishes.

Before leaving the flat, Will turned back and watched Hannibal dutifully finishing his work in the kitchen. A thoughtful sigh escaped from him before he turned and left through the front door.

Will entered the shop suspiciously, slowly peering around the interior for a familiar presence. Below their Neapolitan flat, the quaint café that doubled as a gift shop was often empty, save

for the older Sicilian man who operated it. Though they had only been in Naples for three days, Hannibal had already amassed a wealth of information about the shopkeeper after establishing a friendly rapport with him over a shared love of fine Italian wine. The shopkeeper nodded in recognition as Will made eye contact with him, but proceeded to read the newspaper gripped between his hands.

At a small table in the corner, a woman sat facing the window. Though he could see only the back of her head, the blonde, styled locks were unmistakable. Heat flushed to Will's cheeks as he tried to control the animosity rising from his stomach. Will sighed heavily and approached the table.

"Hello, *Bedelia*," he spat, failing to hide the disdain in his voice.

"Buongiorno, Will," she replied, her accent flawless. She paused to examine him. "I am intrigued," she spoke, soft and deliberate as ever, "that you have decided to meet me here."

Dr. Du Maurier took a sip from the glass of dark, red wine in front of her. The bottle was placed in the center of the table, a freshly opened cork stuffed into its opening. The form-fitting dress she wore was the same rich hue of the beverage, causing the glass to disappear against its background as she lowered it to the table. Will grabbed an empty Bordeaux glass from an adjacent table before sitting and poured himself a glass.

Will nodded to his wine glass. "You anticipated that I wouldn't come."

"You have a certain aversion to resisting curiosity," she stated, adding, "like Hannibal." A knowing smile crossed her face. "I did not, however, wish to waste a fine vintage on someone lacking the discerning senses to appreciate it." She brought the glass to her lips and took a delicate sip, never breaking eye contact with Will.

She's just baiting you, he thought.

Will brought the glass to his nose, lightly swishing the liquid around to release the scented flavors. He took a sip from the glass.

"The chocolate is pungent, and it overwhelms the subtle hints of coffee and cherries," Will started, "yet the dirt is palpable." He flashed the psychiatrist a malevolent smile. "A brazen flavor like that can only be achieved through the *appassimento* process – an Amarone?"

"Yes," Bedelia said, allowing an amused smile.

"There's something a little off though, isn't there?" Will continued. "Too much earth, roots. It's bitter – you can practically *taste* the resentment." He took a sip.

Bedelia smiled coyly and responded, "Another thing you share in common with Hannibal."

Will scoffed. "I didn't need Hannibal to teach me how to appreciate a bottle of wine."

"No," Bedelia responded, "not wine." Her expression unreadable, she whispered and leaned in to Will, "You have both mastered the art of training your dogs." She sipped.

Knowing that Bedelia could sense his swelling anger caused Will's heart to pound even faster. He scowled and tried to collect his thoughts.

"How are your dogs, Will?" she questioned innocently. "I trust you've left them in capable hands." Sip.

Will continued to glare at her, his breathing heavy. "Why are you here, Bedelia?" he finally asked, his voice almost a growl.

"Believe it or not, our best interests are one in the same," she stated plainly, while refilling her own glass, and then Will's.

"Or not," Will retorted, angrily.

She rolled her eyes at his indignation. "There's only one way out of this for you," she said softly.

"I turn him in, tell the authorities how he abused and mistreated us, how we *barely* were able to get away?" Will demanded. "Poor Dr. Du Maurier, an unwilling accomplice to the *monster*, Hannibal Lecter." Will could taste the vitriol as he spat the words out. "So people can say, 'Oh! the *things* he did to her,'" he exclaimed, with mock pity.

Bedelia argued, "You don't seem to be thinking about what's best—"

"Fuck what's best for you, Bedelia," Will snapped furiously. "I do *not care* what happens to you." Will stared menacingly into her eyes and brought his glass against his lips, taking a sip. His breathing relaxed.

Bedelia shivered. "You are determined to drag us all into the mouth of hell."

Will slid his chair back from the table and moved back, relaxing into his seat, seemingly deep in thought. Will propped his feet on the edge of the table, one crossed over the other. He smiled at the unease that radiated from the sophisticated psychiatrist as she analyzed his behavior. He sniffed his glass and took a sip of his wine.

The shopkeeper peered up from his newspaper, taking note of Will's boorish posture, but made no effort to act.

"It's just a matter of time, now," Bedelia whispered. "You are both going to be caught."

Will took another sip of wine, this time emptying the glass with a gulp. He looked up at her with a wicked smile and whispered, "And sooner or later, Bedelia, you will be joining us." Bedelia stared wordlessly at Will, who slowly stood up and left the table.

After Will exited the café, Bedelia poured herself another glass.

Contrapposizione

Chapter Summary

Will confronts Hannibal about his meeting with Bedelia and reveals his jealousy.

Bells jingled in discord as Will forced the café door open, spilling out into the fresh air. He buried his face in his hands, struggling to collect his breath and his thoughts. Will looked down at his watch to confirm that he was running out of time if he still intended to make the performance. He ran into the corner store, picked up some aspirin, and reluctantly headed back to the flat.

Will hesitated as he walked through the front door, suddenly aware of the sweet floral aroma that clung stubbornly to his clothes. Hannibal would easily identify the perfume, so there was no reason to avoid the confrontation. He rolled his eyes as he imagined Dr. Du Maurier saturating her skin with the overpowering scent, smirking in anticipation of Hannibal's discovery. *Manipulative bitch*, he thought, teeth clenched.

He sighed heavily and entered the flat, setting the aspirin on the counter. Will moved slowly but when he turned around, Hannibal was already waiting for him.

They stood silently for a brief moment, while Will allowed Hannibal to process the senses and draw his conclusions. Emotions flooded through Will – confusion, resentment, *jealousy*. He tried to dismiss the impulsive thoughts that stormed his brain, but his breathing only become more labored and sweat formed from his temple.

“Did you know she was here?” he demanded, attempting to stifle the emotion in his accusation. “Have you been gallivanting around with her, drinking expensive wine ... shopping for *jewelry*,” Will choked on the last word, looking down at his cuff links. Hannibal looked wordlessly to the floor and back to Will. His silence made Will feel sick. He wanted to scream. Or throw up. The room was spinning and he couldn't think straight. Will looked wearily at Hannibal, tears welling at the corner of his eyes.

“I want to trust you, Hannibal,” he disparaged weakly.

“Will, please—” Hannibal started.

“No. Just ... stop talking,” Will demanded, as he walked into the kitchen to pour himself a drink. “You think you can just recite some whimsical poetry and appease me with one of your *erudite fairytales*,” he scathed.

Hurt spread across Hannibal's face as Will spewed his insults, but he retained his composure. With his arms folded across his chest, Hannibal bit his lip in restraint. Despite the compulsion

to refute the accusations, Hannibal remained silent, as Will had instructed. Will was silently drinking his scotch in the kitchen, looking nowhere.

After a prolonged period of quiet, Hannibal cautiously approached Will in the kitchen and poured his own drink. The men stood side by side, taking sips from their respective glasses. Hannibal stepped in front of Will to face him, examining his face and transposing it to memory. Will looked to the floor.

"I'm sorry, Will," Hannibal said, with surprising sincerity. Will looked suspiciously at him, waiting for the second part of his statement that would undoubtedly negate the apology. His grey eyes fixated on Hannibal's, as if he was searching to the depths of his soul. *Maybe I'm looking in vain*, he thought. Hannibal set his drink on the counter and warily reached for Will's free hand, which he pulled away immediately and stepped back.

"I don't deserve your trust, Will," Hannibal started, breathing shakily, "but if you allow it, I can earn it." Will sensed something completely unfamiliar in his voice. Hannibal stepped toward Will, meeting his eyes, and whispered "Please. Will." Hannibal was *pleading* with Will. He was afraid, Will realized. Hannibal was standing in front of Will, begging him not to leave. Suddenly Will's anger dissipated and he reached for Hannibal's hand, which was already extended to meet his own.

"I'm not leaving," Will said quietly, more gentle. He squeezed Hannibal's hand firmly.

Hannibal closed his eyes with a sigh and relief washed over him. He forcefully grasped Will's hand as if it were his last chance to do so.

"I will deal with Bedelia," Hannibal pledged.

Will sighed, exhausted from the gauntlet of emotions he just endured. "It doesn't matter," he resigned.

"Her life is not quite as valuable to her as I thought it may be," Hannibal remarked. "I allowed her to leave so that I could stay here. With you." His eyes housed a somberness that stung Will to the core and his resentment began to dissipate.

With hands still connected, Will pulled himself into Hannibal's chest and rested his head against his heart. Hannibal wrapped his arms around either side of Will, encircling him with warmth. He kissed the top of Will's head, burying his lips into the messy tangles. They savored the embrace and stayed entwined for longer than what seemed natural, but neither would release the other.

Still resting on Hannibal's chest, Will mused absent-mindedly. "Have you thought about what you're going to make out of her?" he asked, smiling to himself.

"Yes," he said, with a nervous, stifled laugh. "I have thought about it."

They swayed together in an apparent rhythm hidden outside of the universe. Will lifted his eyes, wide and piercing, staring into Hannibal's.

“I don’t want you to fuck her,” he said gravely, shifting his eyes to the floor. He pulled out of their embrace, still facing Hannibal, but lost in his thoughts.

Hannibal seemed calm. He nodded demonstratively, but attentively and said only, “Okay.” Will looked up to him.

His eyes wide and unyielding, Will stepped forward toward Hannibal, bridging the gap between them. “I don’t want you to kiss her,” he whispered. He stepped forward once more, pushing Hannibal into the kitchen wall. Hannibal’s eyes darted back and forth, examining Will, aroused with the unpredictability of his behavior. Hannibal nodded.

“She doesn’t *get to kiss you*,” he stated, like an order. Will was pushing Hannibal forcefully against the wall, with one hand propped against its surface for balance. He leaned into Hannibal’s ear and whispered, “only *I* get to kiss you.”

The corners softened around Hannibal’s eyes, exhilarated by Will’s domination. He gave another subtle nod of the head.

Will pushed his body against Hannibal’s, the tension radiating as their heavy breathing became more labored. Hannibal absorbed Will’s intensity, flushing him with arousal. Will felt the hardness pressing against his thigh, but maintained his sense of control.

He reached up and grabbed a fistful of hair from the back of Hannibal’s head, and growled, “You are *mine*, Hannibal.” His eyes were piercing and wild, filling Hannibal with a strange elation. He stared back at Will, thirsting now for more of his touch.

Will grasped him by the hair and pulled forcibly, producing a strained, croupy gasp from Hannibal. “*Say it*,” Will commanded.

“I belong to *you*, Will,” Hannibal panted, through shallow breaths.

“That’s correct,” he conceded. Will let go of Hannibal’s hair, but ran his hand along his face, tracing the edges. Will remained aware of the arousal that pulsed into him, but did not allow it to reciprocate. He enjoyed seeing Hannibal in this position for once, vulnerable and uncontrolled. He looked down at his watch to check the time.

“We better get going,” Will said smoothly, “can’t be late for the show.”

Hannibal raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“And brush your hair, Hannibal, you’re a mess,” Will quipped. “You should really compose yourself.”

Hannibal stifled a laugh, beaming at his beautiful companion. “You really are an exquisite boy, Will.”

Don Giovanni (Act I)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to the Teatro di San Carlo to see a performance of the Mozart opera, Don Giovanni.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is separated into Act I and Act II.

Bonus points if you're familiar with this opera, as it fits perfectly for Will and Hannibal. For reference, you can watch "The Commendatore Scene" on YouTube, lots of good versions!

Also sorry in advance, this is my favorite opera and I get excited.

ACT I

Hannibal examined himself in the mirror, aligning his tie and adjusting the position of his vest. He fastened the top button of his jacket over the lapel in one fluid motion, which always impressed Will. *I can barely tie my own tie*, he mused to himself.

"Come on, Dorian Gray," Will jabbed, with a clap of the hands. He smirked at Hannibal.

Hannibal shot him a disapproving look, but it gave way to a smile. He glanced over his shoulder at the mirror for one last inspection of his backside. Will laughed, as he stared appreciatively at Hannibal. He looked exquisite – the ivory suit hugged his silhouette perfectly, the blue tone in his shirt balanced his own. Allowing Will to watch him admire his own reflection felt like a privilege, an opportunity to peak behind Hannibal's well-constructed wall.

"You know you look good," Will remarked, rolling his eyes. Hannibal gave a triumphant gleam upon noticing Will's cheeks flushing. Will returned the smile and tapped his watch.

As Hannibal turned to leave, he paused to evaluate Will, looking him up and down ceremoniously. He raised his eyebrows in mock uncertainty, chuckling to himself. He stepped toward Will and adjusted his tie before reaching a free hand toward Will's barely-tamed curls,

but Will caught his hand mid-reach. “Ah, no, Dr. Lecter,” Will said with exaggerated seriousness, “I don’t think I’m ready to take our relationship to the next level just yet.” Again Will laughed, and welcomed the feeling of freedom that accompanied it. Hannibal smiled with a sigh and shrugged, defeated.

“You want to look like a wild bohemian? Go right ahead,” he said half-jokingly, but still grinning.

Will rolled his eyes and made a look of feigned pity, sticking his bottom lip out at Hannibal. “You *like it*,” Will teased, locking eyes with Hannibal and flashing him a dangerous smile. Hannibal gulped and bit his lip, a predatory gleam in his eyes. Will smiled knowingly, “See?” he prodded. Hannibal tried to stifle a laugh but couldn’t keep the edges of his mouth from turning up.

Will offered his arm to Hannibal and they exited together, side by side.

They’re late.

Will was shocked that Hannibal hadn’t complained about their tardiness yet, which he attributed to their earlier confrontation concerning Bedelia. Hannibal had lowered his façade and allowed Will to see his fear – the fear of losing Will to an (allegedly) imagined threat. The sick feeling in his stomach started again, but he immediately pushed the thought away.

The curtain opened in 5 minutes, and though their flat was well within walking distance to the Teatro di San Carlo, the time restraint would require them to take a cab. Hannibal was able to hail one almost immediately as they walked hurriedly down the sidewalk.

As the taxi pulled to their side of the road, a young Italian man walked out of a hotel lobby, chatting loudly on his cellular phone, waving his hands with exaggerated movements. He was well groomed, wearing an expensive-looking Italian suit (*like apparently everyone in Italy*, Will complained to himself). Without looking, the young man hastened across the sidewalk, nearly running into them and jumped into the taxi, oblivious to the slight. Hannibal seemed frozen in his consternation.

Will watched Hannibal carefully, wheels turning as he committed the young man’s face to his memory palace. Although it seemed puerile, he knew the man’s dark-rimmed eyes, strategically-coiffed hair, and cavalier gait were already committed to his own. The cab sped away as Will and Hannibal were left behind.

“It’s okay,” Will offered, cautious. He took his hand and entwined their fingers, gently rubbing his thumb against Hannibal’s palm in a soothing motion. “Let’s just walk. More time to enjoy my company,” he said in jest, smiling. “Lucky you,” he teased, nudging him in the side. Hannibal snapped back from his mind palace, softening his eyes as he turned to Will. He nodded and they proceeded to walk hastily toward the theater.

It only took 5 minutes to walk to the opera house. The Teatro di San Carlo was one of the oldest theaters in Europe and Will knew it frustrated Hannibal that they hadn't spared enough time to go through its expansive history. Hannibal's face was serious, but he did not appear overly bothered.

Will looked up at the building, covered in white brick with architecture that reverberated of the rich history of Naples. He couldn't help but smile knowing that it was Hannibal who brought him here and he squeezed his hand firmly to share the thought.

Hannibal looked at Will cheerfully, but suppressed the urge to tell him everything. "I won't bother you with my *erudite fairytales* tonight, Will," he quipped, "but I am very glad you came with me." Will looked away briefly, remembering his insult and the hurt that registered on Hannibal's face when he hurled the words at him. He wasn't ready to apologize.

"So what are we seeing tonight?" Will asked, changing the subject as they walked up the stairs to the entry.

"*Il Dissoluto Pinuto*," he answered, reveling in the chance to enunciate the foreign words, "or more commonly known as *Don Giovanni*."

Will nodded his head. He was familiar with the opera that was loosely based on Don Juan, and surmised it was not a coincidence that Hannibal chose it. It was unlike Hannibal to choose anything at random.

"Mozart," Will responded, thoughtfully. "Good choice." Hannibal beamed satisfactorily, pleased with Will's identification.

When they entered the theater, the lights were still dimmed from an apparent technical problem in the theater. Hannibal was elated; he began sharing anecdotes about the history of theater, from the lush, crimson tapestries to the elaborate mural on the ceiling. Will delighted in seeing Hannibal in an almost giddy state. He laughed and asked questions, though he retained little of the history lesson for lack of concentration. Will saw only the lines crinkling around his eyes as he described the architecture, or the way his lips curled up unintentionally when they caught each other's gaze.

Will became silent, but reached over took Hannibal's hand, bringing it to his lips and kissing it gently. *An apology for the harsh words*. Hannibal nodded in understanding.

A theater manager came on stage to apologize for the delay, announcing that the curtain would open in five minutes. Hannibal was so natural in this environment, and Will felt as content as he could ever remember.

Somewhere behind Will, a voice rang out over the quiet banter of the audience. He turned his head slightly to discover their prior offender, numerous rows back arguing with a theater attendant. The garish hand motions and emphatic tone he used now seemed excessively vulgar, and it was Will, not Hannibal who acted. Before Hannibal had even noticed the young man again, Will moved toward the aisle and walked smoothly toward the attendant.

As he closed in on his target, Will pretended to trip, knocking the offender completely out of balance and spilling his items onto the floor. Immediately Will reached to help him up, touching his arm delicately. The offender shouted and cursed in Italian, but when he looked up and saw Will, his expression changed from anger to curiosity.

“I am *so* sorry,” Will said sympathetically, diving in front of him to help pick up the debris. “I am so, so embarrassed,” he said, eyes wide, looking up at the young man, embellishing his own gestures. Their eyes met, and the man’s irritation seemed to wane. He formed a sideways smile and peered at Will, intrigued. “It’s okay,” he said in a heavily thickened accent. He eyed Will appreciatively.

The attendant took the opportunity to desert his post while the young man was distracted.

Will handed him his items, careful to drag his fingers delicately across his hands as they exchanged touches. The young man bit his lip as he considered the situation.

Will locked eyes with him and smiled demurely before looking away. “Sorry again,” he said sheepishly, grinning back at him. “Let me know if there’s ... anything I can do to make it up to you,” Will spoke with slow, deliberate words. As Will walked back to his seat, he looked back and saw that the young man was still transfixed on his trajectory.

Will felt Hannibal’s eyes burning through him. As he returned to his seat, he coozied up demonstratively into Hannibal and engaged him in a dramatic kiss before he could stop to admonish him. Hannibal played along, allowing Will to finish his performance. When he pulled away, Hannibal glared at Will in the special way that he usually reserved for his “dinner guests.” Will turned one last time and confirmed that their mystery offender was still watching.

“That was quite a display, Will,” Hannibal said indignantly. He did not look at Will.

After a pause, Will scoffed and sighed. “I’m sorry, are you *jealous*?” he asked with irritation. Hannibal turned to him, offered a look of distaste and said nothing. *Rude*, Will mimicked to himself, rolling his eyes at Hannibal’s unspoken insult.

The lights dimmed and Will cheered silently for being rescued from their conversation. Will felt a stab of guilt from the way he baited Hannibal just now. It was childish and petty, but he wanted Hannibal to know how it felt. Bedelia’s presence still lingered unwelcomed in the back of his mind.

As the actors took the stage, Will leaned into Hannibal and whispered, “I got something for you.” Will reached for Hannibal’s hand, and though he hesitated at first, Hannibal reluctantly accepted it. He felt a thin, plastic card pass into his hand. Hannibal had to rotate it in the dark to get the right view, but when he got enough light he could see that it was a room key. The hotel and room number were scribbled conveniently in black marker on the front of the card.

Hannibal looked over to Will and nodded his head in approval, suppressing a smirk.

Don Giovanni (Act II)

Chapter Summary

Will undergoes a mild-altering experience while enjoying the opera with Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains canon-typical violence.

For reference, the Commendatore Scene is the final act, which can be easily watched on YouTube. It is a wonderful accompaniment to the chapter, but also Hannibal and Will's story in general.

ACT II

As the opera commenced, Will found that he enjoyed watching Hannibal as much as the performance. Hannibal scrutinized every moment, absorbing the classical pageantry like nourishment. Usually Hannibal was stoic and unreadable, but here his eyes gleamed when the music hit its crescendo or when the performer would consummate their aria with a perfectly-hit note.

Will was sure to concentrate on the electronic translator, taking in the dialog, so that Hannibal would not feel the need to fuss at him later. After antagonizing Hannibal earlier, he figured he should participate enthusiastically. His mouth turned up at their corners as he thought of Hannibal scolding him about the opera.

The titular character made a spectacle of wining, dining, and feasting. Before the close of the first act, Don Giovanni had seduced, murdered, and charmed his way through the story's events. As the curtain closed for the intermission, Will stroked his chin, admiring the irony. Hannibal reached for his hand to get Will's attention.

"What are you thinking about, Will?" he questioned, patting his hand affectionately.

He turned, meeting Hannibal back in reality. "Nothing. You," he answered flatly, adding, "*always*." Will shrugged dismissively. Hannibal looked pleased, although Will hadn't meant it as a compliment.

"I think I'll go stretch my legs," he announced casually, "I'll be right back." Will leaned in and kissed Hannibal gently on the cheek before rising out of his seat and heading toward the

entrance hall. Hannibal contemplated his actions, but sat back in his seat patiently with a heavy sigh.

Will scanned the busy reception room thoroughly, analyzing his surroundings. His stride was slow and deliberate as he made his way to a dark corner, pausing before he headed down an empty corridor. What appeared to be a maintenance closet emerged to his left, and to his right a slim door with a sign that read “NON È UN’USCITA” (not an exit, he guessed). *Clearly*, he complained to himself, as he dragged a heavy sheet of wood that blocked the door.

When he finally pried the door open, Will walked outside to an empty loading space, barren with just a flimsy fence and dumpster contained within its borders. Empty shipping crates were scattered around the dumpster, in apparent neglect. *Private enough*, he thought.

The door behind him made a clicking noise and Will’s heart ignited, beating rapidly. The shadow emerged slowly, and when it stepped into the glow of the streetlight, Will beamed when the taxi-thief revealed himself.

Will offered an exhilarated, inviting smile. "You found me," he acknowledged with mock surprise.

He approached Will, his eyes focused and hungry. Will met his gaze, reciprocating by flashing the intruder a wicked half-smile. As the young man approached him, Will stepped back, leading them backwards until they approached the fencing.

Once Will was backed into the fence, he stepped in, closing the gap between them, eyes locked in determination. “Where you think you’re going?” he demanded, his accent thick and sloppy. He pushed his body up against Will’s in an attempt to dominate him.

Will could smell the alcohol on his breath, and he allowed a pleased smile to spread across his face. He reached toward his offender, grabbing the collar of his jacket and sensually running his fingers down his front.

Will slid his fingers down the front of the jacket until he reached his belt, threading the softened leather through the loops until it was released. The belt slid smoothly as Will pulled it free, tossing it aside. He smiled coyly, as the young man’s lips tightened, hungry for Will. His eyes shifted to the side, as if remembering a thought. “Hey, where is the handsome boyfriend?” he asked with a devious, almost crude sneer.

Will smiled innocently and leaned in, just close enough that his labored breathing raised the hair on his companion’s neck, and whispered, “*he’s standing right behind you.*”

Confusion registered briefly on his face before Hannibal wrapped the leather belt around his neck in one slick motion. Stepping aside, Will observed Hannibal with clinical fascination. Holding the belt ends in one hand, Hannibal swung himself around to face his victim, thrusting his palm into his throat with a crunch. Will turned his nose up at the sound, but peered around Hannibal to keep the victim in his view.

The man’s mouth opened in an attempt to cry for help, but no sound escaped. He reached for his own throat in panic as a board came crashing down on his skull from behind, splintering

upon impact. The body went limp and fell lifeless to the ground.

Will cocked his head to the side, staring at the pool of blood spilling from the back of the offender's head, trickling into the cracks of the cement. He then looked to Hannibal, who's chest rose rapidly, but otherwise looked very much the same as he did before. Hannibal had cautiously avoided any contact with the blood and he barely had a hair out of place.

"Fancy meeting you here," Will said wryly.

His breathing still heavy, Hannibal stared back at Will, expressionless. "You are a reckless boy, Will," he huffed, looking away.

Will looked to the ground at the lifeless body and back to Hannibal. "Oh, *I'm* reckless?" he questioned with raised eyebrows. Hannibal had removed the tie from the man's neck and was binding his hands, careful to avoid any contact with the injured head. "What are you doing?" Will asked suspiciously.

"He will wake eventually," Hannibal stated calmly, "and I'd like him to stay put." Will raised his eyebrows at Hannibal.

Without warning, Hannibal dug his heel into the ankle of the incapacitated man, pushing forcibly until an audible crack was produced. Will winced, and flashed Hannibal a look of distaste at the noise, but watched on as he repeated the process on the other leg.

"What if he tries to scream?" Will asked.

A half-smile formed across Hannibal's face as he snickered. "I've paralyzed his vocal cords," he declared, all too cheerfully. He paused, thinking about his words. "Severed, maybe," he corrected, displaying a fiendish grin. "No screaming, regardless," he assured, shrugging. Will smirked in apparent amusement, content with his explanation.

Hannibal drug the limp body toward the dumpster and stuffed it into the darkened space behind it. "He will stay put for now," Hannibal said, satisfied.

He was silent for a moment, contemplating. "Did you enjoy your performance?" Hannibal asked curtly, looking toward the ground.

Will considered the question as he looked at the pool of blood that thickened on the ground. "It was *cathartic*," he breathed out, almost a whisper.

Hannibal nodded in understanding. "Shall we?" he asked, motioning toward the door.

Much to Will's surprise, they made it back to their seats just as the curtains rose for the second act.

Hannibal remained poised throughout the remainder of the performance, allowing himself to be swept away in the whimsy of the theater once again, reveling in the bombastic voices and harmonies. He reached over to Will and grabbed his hand in a tender gesture, threading their fingers together. They smiled in unison.

Although he was comforted by Hannibal's closeness, the opera quickly became unpalatable to Will. Don Giovanni deceived and seduced his way into more precarious situations, advancing the turmoil. Will felt slightly panicked as he watched the events unfold, though he was desperate to remain composed. He forced himself to breathe in and out deeply.

He pulled his hand away from Hannibal's, but he didn't seem to notice. Will realized he was sweating and he wiped his hand across his forehead in a compulsory fashion. Shifting back and forth in his seat, Will suddenly felt like everything was closing in.

The belabored beating of his heart resonated in his head, pounding relentless. *Thump, thump, thump*. Will shook his head in a failed attempt to eradicate the sensation.

The operatic climax approached and Don Giovanni is confronted by a sinister, hooded figure demanding his company for supper. The ominous score echoed unpleasantly inside Will's skull. *Thump, thump, thump*. The small, electronic translator scrolled in front of Will in tandem with the musical score.

"I am not afraid, I shall join you."

Will's head began throbbing mercilessly. The dramatic music flared, intensifying the effect and his vision blurred in and out. The hooded figure stepped into center stage, revealing his true form while the symphony came to a dramatic cacophony. Will rubbed his eyes, trying to find equilibrium.

When he opened them, the creature on stage loomed grotesque and powerful, long horns sprouting from its head, extending outward. *This can't be real*, he thought to himself. He slumped in his seat, nowhere to hide from the unwelcome aphorism. His hands could not be steadied, shaking violently.

"We are all dead men."

Will buried his head in his hands, attempting to drown out the music. It only became louder, reverberating. When he lifted his head, he found the monster to be hovering over him, deformed and twisted, bellowing. His eyes were fixated, unable to look away.

"No doom is too great for your sins!"

Will panted weakly, desperate for relief from the pounding in his head. *Thump, thump, thump*. He looked up at the creature helplessly, resigned in his defeat. Tears dampened his face as the monster became engulfed in flames, grasping at him, laughing and mocking his agony.

"The terror! This hell!"

Shaking and feeble, Will stopped resisting and allowed the beast to grab hold, submerging him into the darkness and flames. He was on fire, but it felt like peace. He basked in the stillness.

All at once the music abated, and the curtain fell in conclusion. Will opened his eyes, still wet with tears. Hannibal looked at him inquisitively, head tilted to the side. "Well, that was unexpected," Hannibal remarked, curling one side of his mouth into a smile.

"Come now, Will, we have work to do," he urged, gently taking his hand in his own.

Luxuria

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal demonstrate incredible teamwork as they relocate their victim.

Will was confused and disoriented as Hannibal led him out of the theater. The (self-diagnosed) panic attack drained his energy and he trudged along lazily, as Hannibal guided him by hand, leading them around the building into the dim alleyway behind the theater.

“How are you feeling, Will?” Hannibal asked, astute but still concerned. He stopped walking and turned to Will, so that he could evaluate his condition.

Will shrugged, non-committal. “I’m good.”

Hannibal peered at him, eyebrows raised with skepticism. “You don’t look good,” he said with a worried smile, “you look like shit.”

A stifled laugh escaped from Will. “Thanks,” he responded, sarcastic but benign.

“Drink,” Hannibal demanded, handing him a bottle of water. Will obeyed, taking loud gulps, replenishing his body. “Finish it,” he said encouraged, nodding at Will. Again, he obliged and finished the water obediently.

“Good,” he said gently, lifting a hand to Will’s cheek. “I need you to be present with me, if I may ask that of you,” Hannibal said while locking eyes with him.

Will thought about the young man’s body, stuffed like a ragdoll behind the dumpster. He focused in on Hannibal’s face; the lines around his mouth were deep, always framing his mouth when he spoke. The eyes that pierced through to his soul each time they made contact, exposing his insides.

He stepped forward into Hannibal, placing his hand on the back of his neck and pulled their lips together tenderly. Gentle tugs became desperate as Will ran his tongue along Hannibal’s teeth, biting forcefully at the pink flesh of his lips. Hannibal’s chin was rough and grating against his own.

“I’m here,” Will whispered as their lips parted. Hannibal’s eyes softened and he nodded slightly with approval.

They proceeded, walking until they found the haggard, chain-link fence from earlier in the evening. Hannibal rattled the padlock that held the gate shut, but it would not shake loose despite its worn condition. Will watched as Hannibal pulled out a small case from his front coat pocket. In the dark it was impossible for Will to see anything exact, but Hannibal had

pulled out a skinny, metal tool and picked the lock. He discarded the padlock to the side and swung the fence open, motioning for Will to join him.

A dull streetlight from around the corner just barely lit a path for them. Will watched as Hannibal slipped the tool back into its case, which he now could see contained a scalpel, surgery-grade scissors, and a syringe. He winced at the sight of the needle, and Hannibal caught the pained expression.

“It’s a sedative,” he explained, “it’s – ”

“Amytal,” Will spoke, interrupting Hannibal. “My personal favorite,” he quipped with a twisted smile. He glanced reluctantly toward the dumpster. Hannibal looked away briefly before meeting his eyes again.

“Will,” Hannibal started, “I would like you to bring me our new friend, if you don’t mind.”

He did not challenge Hannibal, walking to the spot where they had left him. Initially Will did not see their victim, but the fabric from the tie that bound his hands was protruding from under the dumpster on the opposite end. *He’s awake*, Will thought. And still has a little fight left. *Bless his heart*.

Will hunched down and crawled behind the dumpster, wedging himself into the gap between the fence. When he approached the back corner, he launched his hands abruptly, grabbing to where his feet should be. Upon feeling his grasp, the young man came to life, wriggling and flopping like a fish too long out of the water. Will sighed, digging his hands into the man’s ankles that Hannibal had marred earlier in the evening. A mangled, awful sound came from him, a guttural, empty call for help.

“Sorry about this,” Will said, yanking his ankles as he pulled him backward and out from behind the dumpster. Another distorted gasp echoed in the alley as Will stood himself up and dragged him over to Hannibal. Will let him lie flat on the ground and he examined the man, now, in his broken state. The dark-rimmed eyes that approached him with greedy lust were now wide with fear, blinking in terrified frenzy.

You see me now, don’t you? Will thought silently.

Hannibal came up behind Will, kneeling next to the young man and injected him with the syringe. “That’s better,” he quipped. “He will be easier to transport this way,” he explained with enthusiasm. “Now let’s clean you up,” Hannibal said, addressing the now lifeless body, chuckling at his own humor.

As they turned around the corner, making their way to the sidewalk, Hannibal and Will laughed boisterously with one another. The young man was propped up between the two, unable to walk on his own. Hannibal raised his outer arm at a cab driving down the fairway and it pulled around to meet them on curb.

“Buongiorno, signore!” Hannibal shouted to the cab driver as he approached the window. “I apologize for our condition, as we have been celebrating our comrade’s nuptials, and as you can see, he got a bit carried away.” Hannibal laughed agreeably. The driver leered at them, reluctant to pick up the belligerent trio.

“We promised his wife we would return him immediately – safe and sound,” Will said with an exaggerated jeer. “Just a few blocks up the road.”

The driver rolled his eyes but nodded his head in agreement.

“Can’t upset the missus,” Hannibal added gleefully, handing the driver a €100 note. They were careful entering the taxi, balancing his dead weight between each of their own so that he did not falter, but the driver did not seem interested in staring. Will and Hannibal bantered playfully, feigning inebriation. It was a short distance to the hotel, and they thanked their driver enthusiastically upon exiting the vehicle.

The young man’s hotel room was three floors up, which made a tedious trip up the emergency staircase. Hannibal had run ahead to assess the conditions, but it was quiet in the resort, and luckily for them, it appeared he was staying in the room alone. They easily transferred their patient from the staircase to his room with no onlookers, cameras, or staff lurking nearby.

Upon entering the room, Hannibal and Will allowed the body to drop to the floor with a thud, muscles tired from the carrying and climbing. Hannibal dragged him to the other side of the room and propped him up against a dresser, leaning sideways. His eyes fluttered occasionally, perhaps because of the drugs. Or perhaps because of the head wound. “Stay there,” Hannibal commanded, shooting Will a wicked smirk.

The two men stood facing each other, as the unconscious body slouched between them. Will stared at Hannibal, his piercing eyes wild with exhilaration.

“Do you have a plan?” he asked, biting his lip nervously.

Hannibal lifted the corners of his mouth, just slightly, as he always did when he looked at Will. “Yes,” he responded, purposely vague, smiling.

Will stepped toward Hannibal. “Tell me,” he demanded, voice low.

“It is a surprise,” Hannibal answered factually, stepping in toward Will, eliminating the space between them.

He stifled a laugh. “Your surprises can leave something to be desired, *Hannibal*,” Will retorted, emphasizing the syllables of his name. Hannibal pursed his lips, attempting to suppress the thrilling sensation that washed over him when Will lingered on his name. Will was aware.

Just as Hannibal grasped for Will's collar to pull him in, a muffled, choking noise erupted from beneath them. Both looked inconvenienced when they discovered that their patient appeared to be having an episode. He shook violently, spilling onto the floor.

Hannibal looked at Will with an animalistic hunger and leaned in closely, dragging his lips faintly along his ears. “I’m not done with you yet, *Will*,” he purred. Will’s face flushed red.

“But don’t worry, we’ll come back to that,” he offered, grinning. “But for now, we must deal with our most ungracious company,” he stated, looking down at the ground at their convulsing offender. Will nodded firmly in agreement.

Idolatria

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's Italian rendezvous takes a murderous turn. There's violence, and feels, and smut, finally.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Kneeling next to the seizing young man, Hannibal inquisitively considered his condition. Foam and saliva bubbled from his mouth, while his eyes rolled back in his head, lids flickering. Leaning him to the side, Hannibal inspected his eyes and took his pulse. He stood tall and joined Will once again.

“He will recover,” Hannibal said, emotionless. “Temporarily.”

Will was quiet, deep in his thoughts. “I’m sure it’s just a *mild* seizure,” he said, looking to Hannibal with a morbid smile. Hannibal’s eyes shifted down and a twinge of hurt was detectable, if just briefly. He looked back to Will with his amber eyes softened, and gave a regretful smile.

“I want you to trust me, Will,” he said, strained and grim, looking to the floor.

He stared at Hannibal, unrelenting, eyes brimming with uncertainty. “Why?” he demanded.

Hannibal looked up and locked eyes with Will. His eyes gleamed like pools of fresh water, not unlike the streams he likely frequented in his mind palace with Abigail, teaching her how to lure and bait their prey. Will’s reckless impulses caused a stir of excitement in Hannibal, but that wide-eyed innocence caused a pang of longing that Hannibal had never known.

“Because,” Hannibal said softly, “I love ...I am in love with you.” Hannibal looked away as he spoke the words, ill at ease with his own transparency.

Will stood silently for a moment before lowering his eyes to the floor. “Oh,” he finally breathed out. Hannibal’s eyes flicked up expectantly to Will, and back down to the floor as he acknowledged the lack of reciprocation.

Hannibal quickly distracted himself with their guest, moving him to a large chair in the center of the room that faced an open wall. Will watched intently as Hannibal arranged and positioned, moving a large baroque-style mirror directly in front of the chair. Hannibal

primped the young man in his chair, styling his hair and aligning his suit, even putting his tie meticulously back in place, Windsor knot in tact as it was when they first encountered him.

After rummaging through the utility closet, Hannibal located tape and began to secure him. Hands and feet bound to the chair, Hannibal glanced over his victim to ensure he was exhibited properly and adjusted him accordingly. When Hannibal's specifications were finally met, he stood back and looked upon their victim with satisfaction. Will, pacing listlessly, had removed his coat and tie and carelessly tossed them on the victim's spacious *matrimoniale* bed.*

Hannibal walked over to the bed and retrieved Will's coat, hanging it in the dressing room along with his own. He removed his tie as well before rolling the sleeves of his shirts up, as if to signal his preparedness. Will circled around to examine the young man. Minus the head wound, he looked much as he did earlier in the night when he so carelessly flitted past them, poaching their transportation.

"Svegliati!" Hannibal commanded at the young man, brandishing a damp washcloth under his nose, "Time to wake up."* Will assumed he had found make-shift smelling salts in the utility room. Slowly a spark of life awakened in the man's eyes, groggy with heavy lids. Will stepped off to the side, choosing a spectator's vantage.

Hannibal stood behind the chair, allowing the victim to face his reflection in full. "Hello," he said benignly, as the man's eyes slowly became aware. Instinctively he pulled against the restraints, unable to move under the pressure of the tape. His mouth had been taped to avoid the urge to scream, which would serve only to further aggravate his severed vocal cords, risking another seizing episode. Though silent, the panic reverberated from his eyes and his breathing became pained and heavy.

Hannibal smiled, pleased.

He looked into the mirror as he spoke to the victim. "Are you able to see me now?" Hannibal asked patronizingly. "As I recall earlier, you were very rude to my friend and I."

The victim's eyes registered only a sort of confused terror.

Hannibal sighed. "You made us late to our performance when you took our cab this evening," he stated, pausing with a deep breath. "And then you cornered my friend, here, with your *solicitation*." Hannibal's eyes narrowed, humanity instantly drained from his face. Their victim looked in his peripheral to Will, just noticing his presence, eyes pleading. Will looked away, feeling a brief pang of guilt.

"*Omnia Vanitas*," Hannibal continued, composed. "Latin for 'All is Vanity,'" he explained before taking a pause.

"Can you understand my English?" Hannibal asked. "Nod your head, please."

The man nodded, wincing, as a tear streamlined down the side of his face.

"You're a *very* vain young man," Hannibal said coldly. "Shockingly so." He raised his brows and gave an insidious smile.

Hannibal reached into his vest, pulling out a retracted knife. He opened it to reveal a short, serrated piece shaped like a talon.

Will looked to Hannibal, then to the knife. It was not the same beast that split him open on Hannibal's kitchen floor, but it shared a common ancestry. His scar itched at the memory, and his heart twisted grotesquely as he recalled their tender embrace just as his belly was opened. He thought of Abigail's face as she lay helpless on the floor, blood coursing from her throat, spilling too quickly for Will to contain.

If Hannibal had been talking to their guest, Will had tuned it out. With the dagger brandished threateningly, Hannibal now leaned in to the young man, again speaking through the reflection in the mirror. "I'm going to let you watch," he said coldly. "I knew you would like to see yourself during your last moments of consciousness," he continued. The young man's chest heaved up and down and he pressed his eyes closed forcefully to avoid looking.

"What do you think, Will?" Hannibal asked with mock amusement. "Shall I remove his eyelids so that he cannot close them?" His lips curved in a malevolent smile, and the young man's eyes sprung open in terror, cheeks damp with tears, his body trembling. Hannibal gripped the knife and reared his body to strike, but Will stepped out in front of their victim.

"Hannibal," Will pleaded with a gulp, "... wait."

Relief flooded the young man's eyes upon Will's interjection.

Will encircled the young man, coming behind the chair to meet Hannibal face to face. He looked down to the talon he grasped tightly, and lifted his eyes to meet Hannibal's.

"It's not the same blade, Will," he explained patiently.

Will nodded. "I know," he said quietly, his voice shaking.

He reached for the dagger, and Hannibal did not resist. Will freed the blade from Hannibal's grasp, running his finger across the curved, serrated edge. Looking up, he saw his own reflection in the mirror, standing next to Hannibal, overlooking their immobilized guest. The young man's eyes met Will's, drowning in terror, desperate for mercy.

"Would it feel good, Will?" Hannibal questioned. "Perhaps it would feel like killing Bedelia?"

Will turned to Hannibal and narrowed his eyes in a menacing leer, breathing stiffly.

He looked back to the reflection and locked eyes with the young man. Will's eyes closed and he let a long, exasperated breath escape before lunging forward, sinking the curved dagger into the belly of the young man, tearing through a muddle of textile, flesh and muscle across his abdomen. His shirt darkened as the split ruptured, pouring forth an abundance of blood

and tissue. The young man looked helplessly at Will as his eyes began to fade in and out of focus.

Will stood silently and focused on the reflection in the mirror, watching the blood spill from the man's bowels, seeping down the legs of the chair and pooling at the floor.

The young man struggled to breathe, chest heaving in and out weakly. Will walked around to face his victim, taking a knee and inspecting his face, limply bobbing from side to side as his consciousness wavered.

"Please," he wheezed under a breath, just barely decipherable.

With his eyes transfixed on the young man, Will lashed forward, thrusting the dagger against his throat, and opened it with ease. The blood erupted like a fountain, thick and warm, splattering against his face.

Hannibal was silent but watched Will's every movement.

Will reached a trembling hand to the victim's throat, feeling the flow of blood pulsating from inside to out. He allowed his hand to linger until the blood became a trickle and the man's eyes glazed over in cessation.

Slowly he stood up, the talon-shaped dagger still clenched in his opposite hand. Will wavered, in a daze, mottled with thick spatter across his face and covering his arms. The metallic smell of iron flooded his senses, magnified as he instinctively licked his lips, ingesting the victim's residue.

Hannibal smiled cautiously and extended an open hand to accept the weapon from Will. Without hesitation, Will lunged toward him in a seemingly deranged hysteria. Hannibal stepped back, catching Will's wrist, the Harpy just inches from Hannibal's neck.

"I don't think about *Bedelia*," Will growled, eyes locked and pushing into Hannibal with all of his strength. "It's *always you*." He panted heavily, writhing and twisting limbs to break loose.

"Will!" Hannibal pleaded, pushing back against him. "I *won't* hurt you," he said through strained breaths. He released the grip on his wrist, allowing him to be free.

Faltering back, Will trembled, his eyes shifting back and forth before finding Hannibal's gaze. "Will," Hannibal begged, lowering his arms slowly, palms open in surrender. "I won't hurt you *ever again*," he promised, wetness pooling in the corners of his eyes.

Agony washed over Will as he let the knife slide from his hand to the floor. He crumbled to his knees, falling in front of Hannibal like a pile of rags. Tears filled his wide eyes as he surrendered to Hannibal. Will let out an anguished cry, choking on his own breaths. Hannibal stepped forward, closing the space between them and Will reached up with his shaking hands to embrace him.

Will clung to the fabric around Hannibal's hips, pawing, while he buried his head into Hannibal's lap. Blood and tears marked the clothes where Will pressed into his body. Hannibal instinctively ran his fingers through Will's disheveled curls, pulling tufts of hair in a motion of gentle comfort.

"Come to me," Hannibal said tenderly, rubbing his back with gentle movements of fingers. Will did not move, instead grasping the fabric he clung to and shrouded his face, but Hannibal could still hear an occasional sniffle muffled from below.

Hannibal pulled away just enough so that he could kneel down to meet Will's face. He lifted a hand to his cheek, wiping his thumb under his eye to wipe clean a puddle of tears and blood. Will stared wordlessly at Hannibal, but his eyes focused and softened at Hannibal's touch.

"Han... Hannibal," Will stuttered, another tear trickling into the space Hannibal cleared.

He took Will's hand and lifted him from the kneeling position until they were standing face to face. Will grabbed hold of Hannibal's shoulder, digging nails into the fabric as Hannibal brought his hand to cradle the back of Will's head, pulling him into his chest.

Hannibal shushed at Will tenderly, swaying him gently back and forth in his embrace.

Will pulled back briefly, looking up to Hannibal. His lids were heavy, filled with concern. *No*, Will thought silently. *Longing*. Will tugged the fabric of Hannibal's shirt into him, and lifted himself to find his parted lips and pushed them together hungrily, rolling his tongue into Hannibal's. Hannibal sucked gently on Will's bottom lip, allowing his tongue to linger as he recognized the coppery taste of blood.

Hannibal's grasp became more desperate and he pulled at the curls in the back of Will's hair, breathing in deeply, absorbing their scents. Their lips wet with the taste of iron, they urgently pressed and moved them together. Will tasted salt and metal as his tongue curved and twisted past Hannibal's lips, occasionally gliding along the edges of his teeth.

Will nuzzled his chin against Hannibal's rough stubble before pulling away, leaving him panting and licking his lips. He leaned into Hannibal, cheeks grazing one another, and let his lips just barely brush by Hannibal's ear.

"I ... love you," he whispered, turning his head to meet Hannibal's softened eyes, brows creasing at Will's words.

Will looked down at the floor, but as he lifted his eyes, he followed the buttons on Hannibal's vest and moved his fingers to pull each one through its interstice with slow deliberation. Hannibal moved his shoulders in agreement with Will as he removed it, throwing it on the bed.

Will repeated the process with his shirt, each button opening slower than the first, leaving Hannibal frustrated and biting his lip in restraint. Upon freeing the last closure, Will leaned down and planted a series of soft kisses on Hannibal's chest, moving his lips through the soft, silver curls that tickled his nose.

He found Hannibal's nipple and let his lips explore the erect nub before tasting it with a gentle bite. Hannibal let out a heavy sigh, eyes closed in a stiff attempt at discipline.

Finally Will relented and removed the shirt and careful fingers moved along Hannibal's broad shoulders as he pulled the fabric away.

Hannibal lunged for Will now, unbuttoning his shirt with urgent precision. He kissed Will's neck along the collarbone, sucking and tasting him thoroughly. As he removed the shirt, he trailed lower, nipping the flesh around his nipple and then licking until it was rigid, reciprocating on the other side. Hannibal flicked his tongue across the raised flesh as Will suppressed a groan.

Hannibal's erection pulsed into Will's thigh and he moaned weakly at the touch of Hannibal's tongue now gliding along his neck. His own erection, almost painfully rigid, pushed uncomfortably against his clothes until Hannibal loosened the button and pulled Will out of his pants.

Will pulled something quickly out of his pant's pocket before letting Hannibal discard them, revealing a small packet of lubrication. Hannibal lifted his brows in surprise.

"I told you earlier, private errand," he said with an embarrassed smile, tossing it on the bed. Hannibal raised his eyebrows in appreciation. He removed the rest of his clothes as well, hastily, with no care as to where they went.

Will admired Hannibal's hard, uncut cock displayed brazenly in front of him. His own erection throbbed mercilessly as it leaked impatiently, dripping from the tip. Hannibal pushed him backwards until he fell back onto the bed, his eyes flitting back and forth over Will's naked body, unable to decide where to start. He lowered himself to Will, kissing him gently up his abdomen, tracing their scar with delicate lips.

Hannibal reached over and grabbed Will's hand, still splattered with caked blood. He lifted Will's hand to his mouth, taking his index finger and mouthing it whole, devouring the blood, dirt and sweat from his skin. Will grabbed the back of his head with his free hand, pulling Hannibal on top of him. Guiding both hands down the muscular curves of his back, Will let his hips grind into Hannibal.

His cock dug into Hannibal, smearing precome into the graying hairs that covered his abdomen. Hannibal's own erection pulsed into Will's hip as he tried to stifle a growl, eyes rolling back on impact.

Pulling back, Hannibal lowered himself, gently brushing his lips along the inside of Will's thigh. As Hannibal's kisses moved higher, Will shivered and whimpered weakly.

Hannibal raised his eyes to Will, narrowing them hungrily before returning his focus to Will's cock.

Hannibal moved his tongue around the base of Will's erection, and then licked along its length slowly, delicately messaging the underside of his head before taking all of him in. He

closed his lips, slowly moving up and down until his cock was hitting the back of Hannibal's throat.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will breathed out. He was grinding his hips now into Hannibal's warm, slippery mouth, fucking his throat.

He brought a free hand under Will, gently reaching to an intimate area near his opening. As he put pressure on the sensitive spot, Will curled his toes and bit his lip, his whole body shuddering.

Hannibal reached for the packet of lube, opening it and spread it across his fingertips. Will watched Hannibal intensely now as his fingers moved behind his balls, massaging the perineum at first, approaching his opening. Will's chest rose rapidly and he whimpered in pleasure at Hannibal's touch, opening readily for his fingers.

Hannibal slid two fingers in easily, gently massaging the area as Will continued to thrust into Hannibal's mouth.

"Hannibal," Will panted, *"I want you to fuck me."*

He licked his lips. "You're going to force me to do just that, if you're not careful, Will," Hannibal threatened.

As Hannibal attempted to ready another finger, Will breathed out heavily. *"Please, Hannibal."*

"Patience, Will," Hannibal replied while repositioning himself, leaving Will's cock aching for contact.

Will pushed his hips into Hannibal and lifted himself to look him in the eye.

"Hannibal ... *shut up and fuck me,*" Will commanded.

In a quick motion, Hannibal pushed Will backwards and swung himself around to come behind him. He smeared a dab of lubrication on his head, mixing with the precome that already leaked down his shaft. Hannibal pulled Will into him forcefully, nipping the flesh of his shoulders and kissing down his spine as goosebumps formed across his back.

Hannibal let his wet cock press against Will's opening and kissed along his earlobe, tugging gently with his teeth. "Are you sure, Will?" he whispered.

Will reached behind him, grabbing Hannibal's cock, and guided it into his slicked opening with near ease. Will's eyes rolled back and he groaned at the initial pain, but it was quickly overshadowed by the satisfaction of being filled completely.

"Oh *god*, Hannibal," he said, panting.

Hannibal shut his eyes and bit his lip as he entered the tight space, attempting self-control, but a pleasurable moan escaped as his cock was enveloped in Will's slippery warmth.

Hannibal supported himself on one arm while wrapping the other around Will's waist, digging his fingers into Will's side as he thrust in rhythmic motions, moving deep inside of him. He reached down and grabbed Will's cock, hands still slick with lubrication, and stroked it in motion with his hips.

Will thrust his hips into Hannibal, greedy for him to move deeper. Sweat dampened both of their faces as their limbs intertwined and their bodies slapped against each other. Will pushed back into Hannibal, calling his name in repeated breathy moans.

"Haaan -"

As his thrusting became quicker, Hannibal matched his pace and stroked Will's cock with deliberate fluidity.

Will's breathing became heavier as sweat and blood smeared between their bodies, pressing against each other in tandem. He wanted to keep himself from going over the edge, but Will was so desperate for Hannibal's touch that he felt incapable of self control. He bucked into Hannibal with his hips and Will heard a stifled grunt escape in response.

Hannibal kissed along Will's ear and down his neck, lingering around the nape and biting the skin. He growled enthusiastically as Hannibal continued to thrust and grind his hips into Will.

"I can't -" Will started, through heavy breaths.

Will groaned out as the pleasure boiled over, come spilling between Hannibal's fingers. The sensation of the warm stickiness on his fingers pushed Hannibal over the edge and buried his head into Will's back, groaning and biting down on his shoulder as he released. As Hannibal pulled away, he saw the inflamed area as blood appeared in an outline around the teeth marks. He kissed along the wound and tasted his metallic flavor.

Hannibal's breathing became more controlled as he planted one more gentle kiss on the back of Will's shoulder before rolling onto his back. Will rolled back as well, still panting heavily. He looked a mess, as blood and sweat trickled in beads down his neck and the dark hair on his stomach remained wet and sticky.

Hannibal lifted and turned himself to admire Will's state and smiled in appreciation. He grabbed his nearby handkerchief and threw it playfully across the bed after wiping his own hands. Will scrunched his nose as he caught the dampened handkerchief and cleaned himself up. He wadded up the handkerchief and threw it rebelliously across the room, landing on the floor. Hannibal closed his eyes in mock annoying and let out a stifled chuckle.

Will looked to Hannibal and his eyes softened, allowing a smile to cross his face as he licked his lips. He backed himself into Hannibal's chest, settling in as Hannibal wrapped his arms securely around him and they quietly savored their embrace.

***"There is no sweeter innocence
Than our gentle sins"***

Chapter End Notes

Initially was going to be two chapters, but obviously didn't want to disrupt the, uh, natural flow of things.

matrimoniale - Italian, meaning a double bed, the traditional size found in most hotel rooms

Svegliati - Italian, wake up!

Colpevolezza

Chapter Summary

After creating a gloriously morbid scene, Will must come to terms with how he feels about Hannibal and more specifically, how he feels about himself when they are together.

Last chapter of this story, to be followed by an epilogue.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took so long to update - I had a crappy life thing that basically made updating impossible for a bit.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What will we do now?” Will asked, detached and drifting in his thoughts as he nuzzled into Hannibal's chest. His mind drifted briefly to the scene they'd left in front of the mirror.

Hannibal pulled Will closer into him, wrapping his arm tightly around the curve of his waist, and planted a trail of kisses along his shoulder blade. “We can do,” he spoke between touches, “whatever we want to do.” His lips lingered at the back of Will’s neck, causing the skin to prickle along his spine.

Will lifted himself with one arm so that he could look back at Hannibal. He smiled at the sight of his disheveled hair, sticking out messily from the sides. Hannibal read Will’s eye movement and instinctively ran his fingers through his hair, taming some of the runaways. Will raised his eyebrows in a teasing manner, grinning at Hannibal’s predictably obsessive quirks.

Hannibal glared at Will in jest and muffled a laugh, bringing his hand to Will’s mouth, guiding it to meet his own. Both men smiled, and Hannibal let his teeth tug gently at the pillowy flesh of his bottom lip.

“You *could* clean yourself off,” Hannibal said, chuckling as he examined Will, noting his disheveled appearance. “We’ll need to be leaving soon.”

Will conceded and made for the shower to rid him of the grimy layers of blood that still caked across his face, neck, and hands. Their impassioned digression left Will smothered in a

cocktail of strange body fluids. He shivered and winced at the thought. Quickly Hannibal rinsed himself clean in the sink while Will started the water for his shower.

“I will finish up with our guest while you clean up,” Hannibal offered cheerfully as he dressed himself once again. Will smiled and nodded agreeably.

The warm flow of water was a welcomed sensation as the sticky residue on Will’s skin began to dissipate and wash away. Occasionally Will would catch a glimpse of the red streaks in the water that drained beneath his feet, causing a wave of panic to build inside his chest. He tried closing his eyes for the remainder of the shower, not wishing to revisit the carnage he encountered just earlier.

He scrubbed at his skin until it felt raw and the miniature bar of soap dissolved into nothing. Finally opening his eyes, Will could swear the ridges of his hands still contained smears of blood, but after opening another bar of soap and rinsing for what seemed like ages, there was no change. He must have been seeing things, he reasoned, but the idea gnawed at the back of his mind.

Upon exiting the shower, he noticed that Hannibal had laid his clothes out neatly for him. Will found himself wishing he had more comfortable clothes to get into, but settled for the dress pants and button down shirt, which despite Hannibal’s obvious efforts, remained covered in blood spatter. He sighed, realizing that he would have to keep his coat on.

Will appeared from the bathroom to see Hannibal making the final arrangements for their victim. The young man hung from the ceiling, arms spread as if they were hung to a crucifix. It appeared that Hannibal had used a combination of rope, tape, and pieces of wood from the chair to arrange the horrible tableau, haunting in its glorious morbidity. Hannibal had removed his eyelids as promised, the mirror now tilted so that his full reflection could be viewed at this new angle.

Though most of his blood had drained, a slight trickle still leaked down from his feet, creating a harrowing but beautiful creation on the floor. This pleased Hannibal, who looked from the body to Will with the same satisfactory smile he wore when he finished preparing an elaborate meal. Will did not return his smile, but instead was pawing at his hands again, inspecting them front to back. He shook his head compulsively as if to dismiss the thought.

“Something wrong, Will?” Hannibal asked, motioning toward him.

Will smiled. “No, just a little tired I think.” He looked to the body once more, in awe of the macabre display that Hannibal created with such limited time and resources.

Hannibal raised a hand to turn Will’s face to meet his, eyes softened and crinkled. “*I’m so very proud of you, Will,*” he spoke in a whisper, caressing his fingers down his cheek. They met each others' eyes and Hannibal sensed the instability resurfacing in Will's expression.

Will retracted as something gripped at his insides and he pulled away from Hannibal’s touch, turning his back to the older man.

“Will?” Hannibal offered, worried.

"*I'm fine*," Will hissed as he rubbed his hands together nervously, unaware that he was doing so. "Just fucking let it go," he snapped.

Hannibal winced at the harsh words as the wrinkles creased across his forehead.

"Talk to me, Will, what's wrong?" he persisted, extending an arm to Will's shoulder, but he jerked away, pulling just out of Hannibal's reach. A long silence passed before he attempted to speak again.

"Do you regret what happened, Will?" Hannibal asked softly. Too long a pause followed.

Will turned around slowly, his eyes glistening. "I .. I don't know," he stammered. Hannibal's eyes fell to the ground, his mouth formed a rigid line attempting to shroud his disappointment, but it was clear to Will that he was wounded.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal," he offered, still grimacing at the thoughts circling around his head. "I'm ... just. Confused," he said finally.

Hannibal glared at him now. "You didn't seem confused when you begged me to fuck you, *Will*," he said icily.

"No," Will allowed, shaking his head. "I - I know," he stuttered, eyes dancing back and forth nervously.

"You lured the young man, I never asked you to do that, Will," Hannibal argued. "You took the blade from me and opened him on your own, and then you looked him in the eye and cut his throat." His eyes narrowed as he spoke, becoming more agitated with each word.

"Yes," Will admitted, nodding. Hannibal scoffed.

"You would blame me for your own inability to control your actions, then?" he demanded. Will was taken aback at the lack of composure he exhibited. Hannibal's chest heaved in and out in ragged breaths, his eyes pooled and wetness filled the corners.

"Hannibal, I can't control myself around you," Will said quietly. "I've done *terrible* things."

Rolling his eyes, Hannibal retorted, "Well, you certainly appeared to be enjoying yourself."

He sighed gravely. "Every moment I spend with you, Hannibal, no matter how brief, is better than any experience I have had, or will ever have," Will stated.

Hannibal looked as if he was trying to hold back tears, but regained his composure. "Is it such a cause for commiseration? To encounter someone that completes you in this way?"

Will's face was twisted with anguish, a single trail of tears escaped down his cheek. "Yes, when the subject in question is you and I – *yes*."

"Will –" Hannibal started to protest.

He shook his head defiantly. “We’re dangerous, Hannibal. What’s *next*?” he asked, raising his voice. “Or should I say *who’s next*? Bedelia ... maybe the shopkeeper that saw me talking to her, if I know you.” Adding, “And I do. Eventually we’ll get caught, you know. *Then* what?” Will was shouting hysterically now.

Will continued. “Bedelia said as much. She’s probably already told the FBI our whereabouts. Thanks again, for *that*,” he spewed angrily. Hannibal’s eyes focused at the accusation and his face reddened as his patience wore thin. “We can’t just gallivant around, city to city, killing everyone who looks cross-eyed at us! Fucking and feasting at their demise,” he said, practically sobbing the words as they poured out.

“I told myself we ignored the worst in each other, Hannibal,” Will said resolutely, “But the truth is, we create far worse destruction *together* than we ever could when separated.”

A long pause seemed to linger. Hannibal’s cheeks were damp from a single stream of tears. “I’m truly sorry you feel this way,” he spoke, eyes avoiding Will’s. The room became silent as the two men considered their own thoughts.

“Hannibal, I love you,” Will whispered, grabbing Hannibal’s hand in his own, though he would still not lift up his lids to look him in the eyes. He pulled in close to Hannibal and kissed him tenderly on the cheek, tasting the salt from his tears. Hannibal looked to Will finally, hurt apparent from the lines that curved around his eyes and framed his mouth.

“Again you would play me as a fool,” Hannibal said bitterly. He suddenly grabbed Will by the shirt and heaved him into the adjacent wall, resulting in a loud thud that would surely reverberate to the other rooms.

“Han —” Will began, but Hannibal picked up him again, with ease, and hurled him toward the window. Will’s head burst through the glass, and pain exploded throughout his body as he muffled a cry. Hannibal supported his limp body that hung out over the shattered window’s ledge, a light rain pattering softly served to focus Will to his surroundings. They were three floors up, but when he tried to look sideways, he could not make out the ground beneath them. It was too dark, too rainy, or perhaps it was just too far down.

Will gasped for air. “We’re reckless, Hannibal, surely you can see that,” he slurred through exasperated breaths.

Hannibal stared intently at Will for what seemed like minutes, but held him forcefully against the broken glass in the window. Between the glass and the pressure of Hannibal’s grasp, Will struggled to catch his breath.

“I will always love you, Will,” he said grimly, before using his remaining strength to hoist him up, as Will’s hands flailed wildly in an attempt to grasp at Hannibal.

In an instant Will was falling over the ledge before landing face down on the pavement in a pile of rocks and shattered glass. The rain pattered softly on top of him, dripping down the side of his body. There was no movement from his limbs and no life in his eyes, yet Will was acutely aware of the pleasant echo of the rainfall.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this fic during the beginning of Season 3. The only part I didn't finish writing was this chapter, but I had the ending outlined from the start of the first chapter. So I thought.

This chapter took a depressing life of its own. Sorry. *offers hug*

Thank you all so SO much for reading.

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

As his surroundings finally become clear, Will anguishes over his feelings for Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rain pelted off Will's skin as he leaned against the railing, wind whipping his hair into a disheveled, wet mess. It was too dark to see the open water, and the rain didn't help visibility.

Not that Will cared; trapped in his mind palace he was all but indifferent to his current surroundings. His lip quivered from the cold saturating his damp clothes, but he persisted in his internal deliberation.

Will had imagined his reconciliation with Hannibal no less than ten times so far, each scenario ending worse than the one before it. No matter how strong his desire to run away with Hannibal became, he could envision no future where they did not endanger every person that entered their path.

Hannibal made Will feel powerful – and dangerously unpredictable.

Every day since he awoke from the hospital, he replayed their last night together in a constant loop. He dreamed of killing Jack with Hannibal and of all the foreign places that they could have escaped with Abigail, been a family.

But he ruined that fantasy when he lied to Hannibal. If Will was being honest with himself, he knew if he could reverse time, he would choose to run away with him. In fact, lately, this regret haunted nearly every moment of his conscious thought. It was maddening.

Salt burned his eyes as Will swiped a hand across his forehead, making a compulsory attempt to clear his vision.

Will lost all sense of moral logic around Hannibal, freeing him of the empathetic burden that he carried for so long. It was bliss – *and chaos*. Hannibal maintained precise control over his inhibitions most of the time, but when he and Will were together, they formed a symbiotic likeness that pushed beyond normal human boundaries.

Tears mixed with the rain on Will's cheeks. He just *missed* him. *So much*.

He missed the tone of his voice. The attentive way his eyes searched through his soul, even when they were just hypothesizing over the weather. He missed talking to someone who always *knew* what he was saying, even when he didn't say anything.

Will desperately wanted to run into Hannibal's arms, tell him what a fuck up he was for lying about Freddie Lounds. And Jack Crawford. He longed for Hannibal's touch, but would settle just to hear one word uttered in his raspy, sharpened accent. Just one brief moment in Hannibal's arms, removed from the reality of the outside world.

The realization that Bedelia Du Maurier was allowed the privilege of accompanying him across Europe continued to tear a hole inside him. Will slinked down the side of the sailboat and folded to the deck, burying his head in his hands. A sob choked out from under his breath as he imagined her taking up the place by Hannibal's side that had been always been meant for him.

He was sure they would live as a happily married couple, and Hannibal would laugh as they shared champagne together, frequenting a variety of exclusive dinner parties, and then ... *go to bed together*. Even as Will was soaked and shivering, heat welled up inside of him at the thought of Hannibal and Bedelia making love together, consummating their fraudulence. He choked back another sob and tried to dismiss the thought.

If his calculations (or the GPS) were correct, he would reach the destination in less than 24 hours. He knew he shouldn't allow these thoughts to cloud his judgment. Hannibal Lecter was the love of his life, and he knew that the only way to keep the world safe from that love was to ensure that it would never coalesce into any sort of tangible force.

A world where Will and Hannibal's love ruled together would be a terrible place indeed.

Will's breathing calmed and became steady once again. The rain just sprinkled now, pattering lightly down Will's curls and dripping into tiny streams down the side of his face. He closed his eyes once again, searching the corners of his mind.

When he opened his eyes, he was surrounded by light. He looked around, taking note of open space around him, walls covered in various pieces of art with tiny plaques offering descriptions just below. His head turned side to side, searching, when he suddenly felt a hand tugging at his palm.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal said, eyes glowing maroon as they seared into his own. A dreamy smile spread across Will's face as he squeezed the hand and laced their fingers together.

"Stay with me?" Will asked, eyes heavy and weary.

"Always," Hannibal replied, pulling Will's head into his chest and cradling him in a tight embrace.

Chapter End Notes

My heart. I wanted to write a fic about Will's trip across the Atlantic, and what happened internally to motivate his actions once he arrived in Europe.

I've toyed with the idea of doing more chapters using all the different scenarios that played out in his mind, also.

Thank you to everyone who stayed until the end. You guys are the best. This is the first multi-chapter fic I've finished so I appreciate everyone who has left me feedback, and I always welcome more.

Thank you again and please share your comments :)

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